

# Border Town Dawn/There's a Momentary Cloud (Reach for the Sky)

*by* Darryl Price

Border town meant  
one thing; we were  
caught up real good in

the middle of  
something preternaturally dangerous;  
and understanding

was at  
the very least  
a hundred miles or so

away in either  
direction.  
All I can remember

is wanting  
to tell you that  
when you sat down

and got up again  
your butt crack  
made an unexpected

appearance.  
Like a bright  
moon that wasn't

there a moment  
ago. You're not  
sad about the

fact just surprised.  
I'm not complaining.  
I just want

to do my duty  
as your witness  
and,well, your

sometimes friend. Man,  
that is some white,  
white sand! Okay,

okay, you can't  
expect me not  
to notice. Plus

I'm no good at  
pretending.I'm  
just saying,whoa.

dp 01/18/11

There's a momentary cloud

pleading with some deaf stars to come all the way outside. We  
could always share that small of an awareness I suppose. There's an  
unmolested tree way over there in the angel field. Jesus,I think it  
sees

us. If there was a brand new kind of

naked moon casually washing itself down by the river couldn't  
we just sneak up on it, real soft like all silently like and grab  
it quick enough in your sweet silk shawl  
like a new born baby owl, carry  
it all the way home with us like a lost treasure? Oh just for  
the night? We'd release it back  
into the wild by morning.  
But I don't need any of  
that smoking watery lake  
effect to hear the getting too close for comfort to  
the insides of my eyeballs come  
calling lullabies of fame and fortune  
carving themselves into my  
sand grain by grain. No, Sir! After all  
this time I am, and I remain  
only your last fool still hanging  
around like a no hunting  
sign once tacked up to a locked fence  
and now turned upside down by  
the town's old clocks and rusted to  
the spot like a blood stain. Useless  
from its original  
purpose which was only to  
warn you that you are hereby  
protected from the swarming  
folly of my being all  
about the yearning if it so  
pleases you. For as you can see for me at least  
this is not to be. The old cloud  
has cried itself partly visible now.  
Our tree's gnarled hands have fallen  
over the hills into a  
brush without a head. No, my  
sea, better to leave me ripping  
myself to shreds like an

unbuttoned shirt in the icy  
winds until I am nothing more  
to remember but something  
that shuts once in a lifetime, and is  
never heard from again.

